

# Mother Consults the Doctor at the Urgent Request of the Family

By FRANCES CARROLL.

(MRS. HUME LOQUITUR.)  
I'm surprised at you, Henry, being so impatient. Right before the children, too! How do you expect me to train them when—

Yes, I saw Dr. Borum, Henry.  
O dear me, how do you expect me to tell you what he said when you all three talk at once, and never give me a chance to get a word in edgewise?

Virginia! Can't you be still a single minute!

I am afraid I am a little tired, Henry. No; I don't need you to help me. I'll have supper ready in just a minute.

Virginia, you may slice the bread while I light the oven. We'll make some toast.

Oh, yes, Llewellyn. Dr. Borum is a big man. I had to wait over an hour in the office before I could see him. His offices were just lined with people. It was terrible to sit there and watch their deformities and their pain-stricken countenances.

Didn't Care About Deformities.  
Henry! Why you ought to be ashamed of yourself to say you don't want to hear about people's suffering and deformities.

How can you expect the children to be sympathetic when you say such things. Dr. Borum was just as interested in you as could be, Henry.

What did he know about you?  
Why, I told him all about the trouble with your eyes. Yes, yes, I told him everything from the beginning. He is sure it is from your nerves. He said: "Madam, your husband doesn't need an eye doctor. He needs common sense."

Llewellyn! How can you be so disrespectful to your father as to laugh. Don't send him to his room this time, Henry. I'm sure he didn't mean to be disrespectful.

The doctor said you would just have to give up coffee, Henry. He wants you to drink a pint of hot milk every night for your supper, instead of eating heavy food and drinking quantities of coffee.

I told him about the fall you had last spring and the trouble that began soon after with your eyes. "Nerves, madam, nerves," he said.

Hot Milk Better Than Prescription.  
Oh, yes he gave me a prescription for you, too, Henry, but the hot milk at night, and a cup of hot water before breakfast in the morning will do the most good. More than the medicine, he is sure.

Certainly you can have all the toast you want.  
Why, nonsense, Harry. Of course, hot

milk won't make you sick. Only fit for calves and babies! The idea.

Children stop laughing. This is a serious matter. How can you laugh?

What's that, Llewellyn? What are you going to eat while father has the baby's food?

You and Virginia are going to have just the same thing. I had a long talk with Dr. Borum about you, Llewellyn. I told him all about your trouble, and he says that I have done very wrong to indulge you at night by giving you heavy suppers. There is nothing so healing for you as hot milk.

You hate hot milk!  
That's only your imagination. After you have drunk it a few times you will like it. I know what I'm talking about, because Gladys Wynne had to live on it for months, and she got so she preferred it to anything else.

You'd rather die on it than to live on it!

Doctor Gives Time To Llewellyn.  
That wasn't nice of you, Llewellyn. Think of all the time Dr. Borum gave in listening to all your symptoms and prescribing for you.

Supper is all ready now. Don't that big bowl of steaming milk smell good, though? Now, honestly children, don't it?

Well, we'll give it a try, anyway.

Yes, Llewellyn. I suppose you can crumble your toast in your milk. It is not a very nice thing to do. Your father thinks some concession is due you under the circumstances, but—

Really you children never give me a chance to say a word without being interrupted. Well, if you simply can't drink any more of your milk I suppose I will have to let you off this time. The next time you will do better, won't you, dear?

I talked to Doctor Borum about you, too. You have looked pale and languid lately. He gave me some medicine for you.

It is to be taken after each meal. You will find it in my bag. Better get it and take the first dose right now. I do so want the children to be well and strong. Henry, you know what Prof. Knowles said at the club about stupid children and health.

And, Henry, I told Doctor Borum about that awful pain you have been having in your—

What's that? What did you say, Henry?

You thought I went in to see Doctor Borum about myself.

That's what he said was the matter with me?

Why, dear I forgot to ask him.

## DAILY FASHION TALK TO READERS OF THE TIMES



### Cost of This Gown in Three Kinds of Materials

| Persian Crepe and Satin.                                |         |
|---|---------|
| 8 1/2 yds. 36-in. Satin for Underdress at \$1.25.....   | \$10.32 |
| 8 yds. 20-in. Crepe for Waist and Overskirt at 50c..... | 4.75    |
| 1 1/2 yd. 15-in. allover lace, at 98c yd.....           | 2.95    |
| 5 yds. gold lace banding at 50c yd.....                 | 2.50    |
| 3 yd. 23-in. satin for girdle, at 75c yd.....           | .57     |
| 1 yd. 36-in. lining for sleeves, at 25c yd.....         | .25     |
| Ladies' Home Journal pattern, No. 5512.....             | 15      |
| <b>12.13</b>  |         |

| Marquise.  |         |
|--|---------|
| Size 36 requires 10 yards 37-in. Marquise, at \$1.25 yd..... | \$12.50 |
| 1 1/2 yd. silver net for yoke, at \$2.25 a yd.....           | 3.37    |
| 5 yds. Chantilly lace, at 50c yd.....                        | 2.50    |
| 1 yd. 20-in. silk girdle, at 75c a yd.....                   | .57     |
| 3 yd. 36-in. lining for sleeves, at 25c a yd.....            | .25     |
| Ladies' Home Journal pattern, No. 5512.....                  | 15      |
| <b>17.14</b>   |         |

| Chiffon Cloth.  |         |
|---|---------|
| Size 36 requires 9 1/2 yds. 36-in. satin for foundation dress at \$1.25 yd..... | \$10.32 |
| 2 1/2 yds. 44-in. chiffon cloth for waist and drapery, at \$1 a yd.....         | 3.50    |
| 1 1/2 yd. 15-in. lace for tucker, at 98c a yd.....                              | 2.95    |
| 5 yds. metal banding, at 50c a yd.....  | 2.50    |
| 3 yd. 22-in. Liberty satin for girdle, at 75c yd.....                           | .57     |
| 1 yd. 36-in. lining for sleeves, at 25c a yd.....                               | .25     |
| Ladies' Home Journal pattern, No. 5512.....                                     | 15      |
| <b>17.94</b>  |         |

A GRACEFUL, draped gown is displayed in this illustration, the drapery carrying out the surplus effect of the waist, which is shirred on the shoulders and crosses in front over a V-shaped tucker of princess lace. The surplus may be finished with a frill of gold or silver lace. The sleeves are short puff ones, with a draped section over them, and the skirt is in seven gores, slightly gathered, and can be made with or without panther drapery, which is knotted at each side at about ordinary flounce depth. Persian crepe, in Alice blue or copper color, could be used for the underskirt; or more elaborate still, would be one of the gorgeous new brocade satins, in rose color and gold, with underskirt of satin crepe. If preferred, the dress may be of one material, such as chiffon cloth, beaded net, or the skirt may be of Liberty satin, with waist and overskirt of marquisette. This pattern comes in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

It is Ladies' Home Journal pattern No. 5512, and can be obtained at S. Kahn, Sons & Co.

## THE TICKLE MOUSE

AND  
His Sleepyland Adventures with Davy and Dorcy  
BY ROY RUTHERFORD BAILEY

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### Old Jack Ticklefrost

"WHY, Mr. Ticklemouse!" cried Davy and Dorcy softly, when the merry mice had wished them awake. "How funny you look!"

"Doesn't he, now?" grinned Willy Wishingsmouse. "That little pointed cap fits Uncle Tick too quick by at least twenty-four hours, and as for the jacket—Willy held his shaking sides and laughed till he rolled over and over on the nursery rug."

"Jacket nothing—this is a tunic, I'd have you know!" said the Ticklemouse, with a sly twinkle. "Don't you make fun of my disguise, you young rascal—they're poor Jack's Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, at that."

"Jack's?" Dorcy had never heard the Ticklemouse speak of Jack before.

"Jack Frost himself. Poor old chap, he's so doubled up with rheumatism to-night he can't stir out of the house, and the whole of Buggy's woods have got to be painted before sun-up. Wonder if I was foolish to offer, now?" The Mouse

looked solemnly at his little keg of red paint, and scratched the gray head under Jack's funny little cap.

"Well, I should say not!" said Dorcy, stoutly. "You're just the nicest, kindest Mr. Ticklemouse that ever helped folks out of their troubles. You're going to take us with you, of course?"

"Why, yes, dearie, if you'll both be quiet so's not to scare the wood people—they aren't used to human children, you know." He helped them into their sweaters, for the night was cool. "Yes," he went on, as they hurried across the frosty meadows, "Jack felt badly to think he couldn't finish up last night's painting himself—he's so fond of it. Now what are you children going to be doing while I'm painting?"

"Airship races," said Willy, crawling out on a limb and setting himself on his big leaf the Mouse had just dashed with red. "One for the money, two for the show."

"Look out, there—wet paint!" But his Uncle's cry was too late, and when the Wishingsmouse jumped up from the leafy grass after his exciting swoop

## Father's Love Letter Paves Way for New Hat Daughter Long Wanted

By DOROTHY DIX.

"I've just made an interesting discovery," said the jolly-looking girl with the twinkle in her eyes.

"And it's this—that your father is much easier to confide in than your mother. He is also more amusing."

"There are several reasons for this. One is that your mother has been a girl herself, and is on to you, so to speak, while your father isn't. Another is that if your mother wants you to get married and think any man good enough for you, while your father doesn't want you to marry at all, thinks that the only man that you should look at would be a modern Mr. Galahad, who would come rolling up in a \$5,000 automobile and with a certified check for a million or so concealed about his armor plate."

"Since I've found out what a jolly pal my father is, I've been having great fun telling him about all of my love affairs, and putting up hypothetical matrimonial propositions to him."

Poor As Mice  
When They Married.

"You know that when my father and mother were married they were poor as the traditional church mice. Father worked like a dray horse, and mother cooked and sewed, and made over her wedding finery until there wasn't a scrap of it left, and by and by they got a little start that grew into a competence, and then into a fortune, and they pulled through hard places together and came to love each other with that close affection that only people feel who have endured old sorrows and enjoyed everything together for a lifetime."

"It is a common enough American experience, and as it generally ends so well, I don't see why American parents should be so violently opposed to seeing their children try it. They are, however, and my father had learned no doubt of his sentiments on this subject."

"So when I confided to papa the other day that Billy Hawkins, who hadn't a penny to bless himself with, had asked me to marry him, I was prepared for dad having a fit of apoplexy."

"I asked you to marry him? Well, of all the nerve! Why, he's got nothing on earth, not even a good job, cried out bravely my father, who had just been told of his sentiments on this subject."

"Two beggars, snorted papa. 'We could work,' I said. 'Work! Call himself a man, and asks a woman to marry him and go to work for him? Wants to turn you into a cook, I suppose, he? Wants you to be a bread winner on his measly shirt. Well, of all the—'

Papa Raises Strenuous Objections.  
"Suppose I love him," I murmured, rolling my eyes up sentimentally.

"Good heavens!" cried papa, to think I should ever have a daughter with little enough sense to even talk about marrying on love! What is love? Can you pay your grocery bills with love? Will they take love in exchange for potatoes and onions in the market? When did the Government make love legal tender for money? Marry on love! You are crazy."

"You did it," I retorted, "and it seems to have worked out all right with you and mamma."

"Oh, we were different," he muttered, and then he asked me what on earth I had done with the evening before last. I told him that I had been to a man couldn't lay a paper down in his own house and find it again without the aid of a search warrant.

Then another evening I took papa aside and confided in him that I thought that Jim Bishop's attentions were getting

ting serious. Jim is a typical college youth, who plays basketball on the varsity team.

"Well, I wish you could hear father's method of courtship. Father says that there was none of this nonsensical love-making in his time. A man knew at once whether he wanted a girl or not, and asked her right off the reel, before he impoverished her family burning out electricity and wore out the parlor furniture. No, says papa, give him the place, spoken, and I was discovered in the library with two or three of the billets-doux in my hands."

"I accidentally happened that going through an old trunk in the garret I had come across a bundle of old letters that Papa had written Mamma before they were married. So one night, while Papa came home, I was discovered in the library with two or three of the billets-doux in my hands."

"I was affected to be much embarrassed and to hide them, and of course he pounced on them at once. I wouldn't let him have them, but I compromised by handing him a bundle of old letters, most of them of sentimental value, and who came to the point at once."

"My ownest own, I began reading. Father groaned."

"Although it is but two hours since I left your angelic presence," I read on, "it seems a year. To think that twenty-four hours should be so long!—must elapse before I can again hold that little hand in mine and gaze into the heaven of those blue eyes!"

"Blithering Fool!"

"The blithering fool!" Papa howled. "Do you mean to tell me, Mary, that you would let anybody capable of writing such driving rod hang around you?"

"Why, Papa," I said, "I think that is just too sweet for anything. Listen to this—it is only about twelve pages—about that long, and when I was kept in the house two days."

"Twelve pages about a cold!" shrieked Papa.

"And he said, 'I want you, that he would cut off his whole arm to save me the pain of a needle prick in my finger. Isn't that tender and touching?'"

"It's nauseating," Papa raved. "It is the most disgusting thing I ever heard in my life. No wonder people talk about the degeneracy of the times when a fool writes that kind of a letter to a girl. Idiotcy, by jove, that any jury would convict a man of lunacy on, and a girl, instead of being disgusted and throwing such a letter in the fire, actually treasures it and reads it. One thing I tell you straight, Mary, and that is that I won't put up with that foolishness any longer. If the writer of that—sickening stuff ever comes here again I'll throw him out. This is no house for people with parasites, by jove! Isn't he, here, give me that letter."

"I handed over the letter. It was signed 'Dorothy Dix.' In the margin, in Thomas Jefferson Tompkins. He gave one look at it, turned to the date and signature, and in the silence you could hear the people with parasites, by jove! Isn't he, here, give me that letter."

"Oh, by the way, did you get that fifty-dollar hat you were talking about? No? Well, you had better see about it tomorrow when you go downtown."

## Men Puzzlers Offer Proof That Chivalry Is Not Dead

THE subject of this week's contest seems to have touched a sensitive spot in the masculine breast, for many men have joined our circle in an effort to prove that the accusation that chivalry is dead is a fallacy. Among the many letters received from this morning is one from Harris Marsden, which reads:

"It is easy enough for a man to perform some act of great bravery in a moment of tremendous excitement, such as saving a woman in a big fire, or from drowning, but the time when real chivalry and gallantry is put to the test is in his every day life."

"I have the pleasure of the friendship of a man who has some sense of justice toward a woman. He knows when he leaves the house each morning that his wife has the children (five in number), to get ready for school, the breakfast dishes to wash, the sweeping to do, lunch to prepare, clothes to make and mend, and a thousand and one other duties to perform, as a consequence of which he tries to make an equitable division of those duties left to the wife when his have been matched with hers and shares them with her."

"He sees to it that she has as much recreation as he has throughout each week, and, in spite of their very modest means, she is thus not burdened with work up to the very breaking point as in the case with so many mothers of large families."

"Is not an inherent chivalry which prompts this man's daily action of greater moment than the impulse of a moment's excitement which causes men to risk their lives for the saving of others?"

"Like charity I believe that gallantry should begin at home."

I quite agree with Mr. Marsden, and wish more little stories of domestic consideration and gallantry in the everyday home life had been submitted in this contest.

Here is the story of gallantry founded on a very young foundation, told me by Mrs. B. Loudean.

"I have never seen a man-knight, but this was boy in blouse and knickerbockers in my knight errant."

"The little girl's mother had recently died, and the boy was lover and caretaker. They were out in the rain, and she was stooping the umbrella down to his head. He suddenly looked up at her shoulder; the rain was dripping on it. Said he, with tears welling from the brown eyes, 'Precious, if you don't hold the umbrella over you so's you won't get wet, I'll go right out into the rain. I promised your mother I'd take care of you, and I'm going to do it.'"

This touching little story proves that there are not only men in real life as gallant as heroes of the stage, but children as well.

The time remaining until the closing of the contest is very short now.

Is your answer among the many which have been received?

### Prizes Offered Puzzle Solvers.

For the best ten answers to the question, "Are There Men in Real Life As Gallant As Heroes on the Stage?" the following prizes will be awarded:

First prize—Lower box for "The Girl in Waiting."

Second prize—Upper box.

Third prize—Four seats.

Next seven prizes—Two seats for any performance of this play at the Columbia Theater next week.

This contest closes at 3 o'clock Friday afternoon, and is open to all readers of The Washington Times.

## Poems Women Should Know

Editor's Note: Every poem which will appear in this series is one that has brought a throbbing of hope, a throbbing of happiness, or of inspiration to some human heart. In clipping and saving the series you cannot afford to miss one number.

### Is It Worth While?

It is worth while that we jostle a brother,  
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?

It is worth while that we fear at each other—  
In blackness of heart, that we war to the knife?

God ply us all in our pitiful strife,  
God give us all as we jostle each other;

God pardon us all for the triumph we feel  
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,

Pierced to the heart. Words are keener than steel,  
And mightier far for woe than for weal.

Were it not well in this brief little journey,  
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,

We give him a fish instead of a serpent,  
Ere folding the hands to be and abide

Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;  
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain.

Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,  
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain—

Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

It is worth while that we battle to humble  
Some poor fellow down into the dust;  
God ply us all. Time, too soon will tumble

All of us together, like leaves in gust.  
Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

### HINTS FOR THE DAILY MENU

BREAKFAST.  
Oranges.  
Broiled Bacon. Toast.  
Fried Farina with Maple Syrup.  
Percolated Coffee.

LUNCHEON.  
Cream of Tomato Soup.  
Graham Bread and Butter.  
Coffee Jelly with Plain Cream.  
Sugar Wafers.

DINNER.  
Stuffed Green Peppers. Boiled Rice.  
New Pickled Plums.  
Baked Chocolate Custard.  
Angels' Food.  
After-Dinner Coffee.

The following recipes are both tested and extra fine.

Mixed Mustard Pickles—Two quarts green tomatoes, sliced; three quarts cabbage, chopped fine; two quarts small white onions, two quarts cauliflower sprigs. Bring each of these to a boil separately in salted water and drain. Two quarts water brought to a boil, add salt, vinegar, and drained: one stalk celery cut in half-inch pieces, and a few of the leaves chopped fine; three large green peppers, chopped; three quarts small cucumbers.

Dressing for Pickles—Bring two quarts of vinegar to a boil and thicken with the following: Two-thirds cup of flour, two-thirds cup of mustard, two teaspoons of turmeric, one teaspoon of cinnamon, three cups of sugar, one pint cold vinegar. Mix all the prepared vegetables well together with this dressing, heat thoroughly, put in jars and seal. Makes ten quarts.

Delicious New Marmalade—Twelve peaches, twelve pears, one pineapple, six oranges, six lemons, two quarts crabapples, peeled and quartered; measure after quartering. Peel the peaches, pears and oranges and divide into eighths. Cut the pineapple meat in small pieces and slice the lemon very thin. Weigh all the fruit; add three-fourths as much sugar and simmer gently two hours. Stir as little as possible. Pour in glasses.

FLANNEL CRIB COVER.  
A pretty crib cover may be made from a yard each of white and pale blue or pink flannel. On the colored flannel embroider a flower and bow-knot design; on the white a conventional border and a large central monogram. Bind the two together by means of wide satin ribbon, and put a bow or rosette in one corner, with the colored side considered as the top.

### Daily Horoscope

"The stars incline, but do not compel."

Friday, October 7, 1910.

Now three fair stars inspire  
The day with genial fire.

MERCURY and Venus are in benefic aspect with the Moon on this 28th day, and Uranus occupies a place favorable for many things.

There is a dominant sign of fortune in love, promising success to courtships and happiness in married life even under this aspect, the sign is evil, however, for marriages for wealth, or for position, promising quarrels and divorce. The day is ill, also, for married people who are inclined to vex each other or to quarrel.

Women employees will profit today from tidiness and great accuracy in their work, however trivial.

Merchants, salespeople and others dealing with women should push the advantages of the day zealously, for the sign is good for all things connected with shopping.

Persons of quick and subtle wit are under lucky signs except that the influence inclines to make them say unkind things for the mere sake of smartness or display, and also inclines them to take unfair advantage of those not so keen and bright as they are.

Gluttonous, indolent persons are likely to be more than usually offensive this day unless they exercise extraordinary self-control. It is, however, a day highly favorable for reform in these particulars, for the tendency is strong toward self-help and improvement of existing faults.

An excellent sign is over publicity. Teachers, lecturers, lawyers, printers and ministers are under good augury, being favored by a generous thought and word by Mercury.

Herbal lore marks today as good for curraway carrots, parsley, oaks, parsnip, endive, dill, elecampane, lavender, fern, mulberry, marjoram, valerian, savory, and caraway under Mercury.

Those whose birth-date this is are under the rule of Libra, with signs ascending that tend to give great talents, with a lack of care and forethought.

Children born today are under signs that are held to signify abruptness and a quarrelsome though generous nature.

Ladies, Attention.  
Spieghler's Select Lily of the Valley Perfume is just like the flower. Ask for true sample at Christiani Drug Co., 638 Pa. Ave.—Adv.

### COCOANUTS USED IN TROPICAL CANDY

The following is a sweet popular in the tropics. Obtain a large fresh coconut and prepare as follows: Grate the coconut into a large, deep dish, pour on it two glasses of hot water and stir and knead with the hands until it becomes quite creamy. Squeeze hard through a strainer until you have two large glasses of the milk, adding more water, if necessary, and discard the dry coconut. Add the pound of sugar to the milk and put it on to boil. If you can get a lime, peel the skin thinly in one piece without cutting into the pulp and put it into the candy. It should be taken out when you take the candy off the fire. Failing a lime, grate some lemon rind and squeeze some of the juice into the candy. Boil without stirring until it thickens in water, pour out on a buttered dish and as soon as cool enough pull until creamy.

OLD TOWELS USEFUL.  
The remains of plain linen, towels, with no loose fluff may be joined together, and will make good cloths for dusting oilcloth and linoleum or polished floors, being used slightly damp, and old tea cloths may similarly be machined together, the best parts of them, for dust cloths.

MATCH AS BODKIN.  
A wooden match or toothpick may be made to replace the missing bodkin by merely folding over its point an end of the tape or ribbon, and then turning the stick so that its whole length is wrapped. It will then run through the casing without damage or loss to the ribbon.

HOW TO SHRINK BELT.  
The best way to shrink a sewing machine belt is to rub it thoroughly with a cloth well oiled. This will cause it to tighten and hold more closely to the metal as the wheel turns.

Do Your Clothes Need Cleaning?

Take them to Fisher's and let him clean them for you. He makes a specialty of high-class cleaning, dyeing, and pressing and can make your old clothes look 100 per cent better. Suits, coats, skirts, gowns, curtains, fancy vests and gloves are made to look fresh and new at small cost.

W. H. FISHER, Dyer and Cleaner  
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